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## A Southern Boy in New York;

Or, Bound to Make  
His Money.

By H. K. Shackelford.



The Hungarian made a break to run with the two carts. Louis gave him a whack on the head with the gas pipe that sent him rolling on the pavement. The next moment he cut the two carts apart and took possession of his own, and was half way back to the corner when the Hungarian made a rush at him like an enraged tiger.



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# A Southern Boy in New York

## OR, BOUND TO MAKE HIS MONEY.

By H. K. SHACKLEFORD,

Author of "A Young Jay Gould; or, A Boy Among the Money Kings," "The President's Boy," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE YOUNG PASSENGER.

ONE bright morning in June, ten years previous to the opening of this story, the steamer Southern Star was pushing off from her pier in the city of New Orleans to start on her trip to New York, when a lad of some sixteen years of age was seen rushing toward her, bearing a small, plump-looking grip-sack in his hand.

His face was flushed, as if he had run some distance. People on the pier gave way to him as he dashed forward. Yet some sung out to him:

"Too late! She's off!"

He heeded them not, but dashed on to the end of the pier (which was really no pier in the sense of the word as used in New York), just as the steamer was about six feet out.

With a daring that the people on board thought sheer recklessness he hurled the grip-sack over the side of the steamer.

It landed on the deck among the passengers who had assembled there to wave adieus to friends on shore. Then he stepped back a few paces and made a run for a flying leap.

"Hi, dar!" yelled a score of black wharfmen, who fully expected to see him land in the water, where the boiling current would carry him under the huge steamer.

"Back—back, there!" cried the captain from the deck, waving his hand at him.

But the youth heeded them not.

He made the leap.

And caught a rope.

The captain seized the rope to prevent it from running out and letting the lad down into the water.

Once, twice, three times did the lad climb hand over hand, and then he caught the guard-rail.

The captain, somewhat angry at the recklessness of the boy, grabbed him by his coat-collar and half lifted him over the guard-rail on to the deck.

"What do you mean by such foolishness as this?" he demanded of the youth as soon as the latter was on his feet.

"I mean to go to New York, sir," replied the boy, at which the passengers laughed heartily.

"Well, you certainly did not mean to get left," remarked the captain. "Have you a ticket?"

The boy drew a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to the captain.

The latter looked at it for a moment or two and remarked:

"I reckon it'll have to do," and put it in his pocket. "But why did you not come sooner? We are at least a half hour behind our regular leaving time."

"I didn't get it till he thought you had sailed," replied the boy.

"Eh!" and the captain looked hard at him.

"I didn't get it till he thought you had sailed, for I saw him look at his watch after keeping me waiting a half hour. I guess he thought I

wouldn't catch it, but I did," and he turned and picked up his grip-sack.

The captain's face showed a broad grin, which seemed to go back to his ears.

Then he burst into a regular horse laugh which attracted everybody's attention.

The passengers on the deck of the steamer wondered what made the captain so hilarious.

The purser came forward, and the captain gave him the bit of paper the youth had handed to him, and half whispered some information in connection with it.

Then the purser laughed, and nearly bent double in convulsive merriment as he returned to his quarters.

An old citizen of New Orleans, who was well acquainted with Captain Post, advanced to the latter's side and asked:

"What is it that is so funny, captain?"

"Ah! a good joke, my dear Penard—a good joke—one of the best," and he exploded again.

Penard had to wait till the hilarious captain could explain the joke to him ere he could engage in the laugh with him.

Finally, the captain managed to control his risibles long enough to make an explanation to Mr. Penard, who was a prominent merchant of the Crescent City.

"You know Chiardi, the agent of this line?" he asked of Penard.

"Of course I do. Every business man in New Orleans knows him," said Penard.

"Well, you also know what an incorrigible practical joker he is?"

"Yes, one of the worst I ever knew."

"Well, he gave that lad there a pass for a first-class passage to New York for this trip only after the time for our sailing had passed. The lad took it, and ran for all he was worth. We were delayed a half hour, and you saw how he caught the steamer. Chiardi has the laugh on himself. He'll have to pay the lad's passage, and I am going to let him have the best on board."

Penard turned to the boy and grasped his hand.

"Good for you, my lad! He didn't think you'd catch the steamer, did he?"

"No, sir, I don't think he did. But I caught it."

"So you did! Good for you! Chiardi is a good joker, but you got the best of him."

The news soon spread among the passengers, and every one had good laugh at the expense of the well-known and popular agent of the line.

The purser gave the lad one of the best cabins on board the steamer, and asked him his name.

"Louis Beauvais, sir," he answered.

"Ah! you belong in New Orleans, then?"

"Yes, sir. My parents lived and died there."

"You have no relations there?" the purser asked.

"Yes, sir; I have an aunt there and three cousins, her daughter. But she is poor and can't help me any."



"Do you ever help her?"

"Yes, sir; and I am going to New York to see if I can't help her still more by making money there."

The purser gazed at him in silence for a few moments, and then asked:

"Does she know?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever been to New York?"

"No, sir."

"It's no better than New Orleans for a poor boy."

"It's a big city, sir."

"So it is, and you'd get lost there at any time."

"Not me, I reckon."

"Yes, you. You've made a mistake, Louis."

Louis shook his head.

"I want to go where the most people are," he said.

"Yes, and the most poverty," suggested the purser.

"We have plenty of that in New Orleans," he returned.

The purser couldn't deny it and did not attempt to.

"How much money have you to live on in New York when you land there?" he asked.

"Sixty cents," he replied.

"Just enough to pay for a night's lodging and a ten cent breakfast," the purser remarked.

"Yes. I'll have to go to work as soon as I get there," said Louis.

"And what will you work at, pray?"

"Oh, anything I can get to do."

"Why could you not do that in New Orleans?"

"Because where there are more people there are more chances for work."

"Indeed you are wrong, my boy," said the purser, shaking his head. "Where there are more people there are more who can't get work. Did you ever think of that?"

That staggered the lad.

He looked at the purser in silence for a few moments, whereupon the latter asked.

"Don't you think now that you have made a mistake?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"Because I have read a good deal, and I know that where there are the most people there are the greater opportunities to make money."

"That's true, and good reasoning, my lad," admitted the purser, who was very much pleased with the good sense of the youth. "But there are more people there trying to avail themselves of the opportunity you speak of, you know."

"Of course, but the best head goes up to the top, you know. There's all sorts of people crowded in New York, but the crowd on top isn't very large."

The purser had to admit the truth of that remark. He showed Louis the cabin he was to occupy during the voyage, and left him there in possession of it.

In speaking to Captain Post about the youth, he said:

"He is well read and very far from being a fool."

"Yes, so I should judge," assented the captain. "But I am so pleased that he has turned the tables on Chiardi that I could hug him," and he laughed again over the affair with a heartiness that was contagious.

The truth is that Chiardi had played several practical jokes on the captain. He was now happy, very happy over the one chance of a laugh at the expense of the agent of the line.

The purser told one of the passengers that the boy did not have but sixty cents cash in his pockets, and that on that capital he was going to New York to make his fortune.

Penard, the Crescent City merchant, learned from Louis after a few hours that he had several times asked Chiardi for a pass to New York, and the latter had promised to give him one on certain conditions, which he complied with.

"But he didn't think I'd catch the steamer," said Louis, laughing. "But I did, though I had to do some hard running to do so."

"Yes. It was the best piece of good luck I ever saw," said the Southern merchant. "Can you speak French?"

"Like a Frenchman," said Louis, in good French, "and Spanish, too."

"How did you learn Spanish?"

"I was reared in the French quarter of New Orleans till I was ten years old. Then I had to go to my aunt who lived right in the midst of the Spanish colony on Esplanade street."

"Ah! I see. Have you read any French and Spanish books?"

"Yes, sir."

"You can read and write both languages then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Louis, I am going to give you a nest egg for your start in life, and I want you, when you get ahead in the world, to do the same thing for some other poor boy who is trying to climb up. Will you do that?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Well, here's a five-dollar gold piece. Take it and use it for a start, and don't forget your promise you have made to me," and he handed him the bright, yellow coin.

"Thank you, sir. I won't forget my promise, or the man I made it to. Please tell me your name."

"My name is Louis Penard, the same given name as yours. Here is my card."

Louis' face flushed, and he said:

"Oh, I'll never forget you, sir."

"Nor will I forget you, my boy," said the merchant. "I like your pluck, and believe you will succeed. Keep that card, and write to me once a year to let me know how you are getting on."

## CHAPTER II.

### YOUNG LOUIS ARRIVES IN NEW YORK.

YOUNG Louis went back to his cabin and sat down to look at the bright gold coin the New Orleans merchant had placed in his hand. It was the first time in his young life he had ever been so rich.

"It's almost a fortune," he whispered to himself, as he turned it over in his hands. "I ought to be able to make a big fortune with it," and he looked up at the ceiling overhead and tried to imagine himself a grown man, and rich, like Mr. Penard, when he would also help poor boys in their struggles.

But he did not stay in the cabin long. He remained as long as he did because he had never been in one before.

He brushed his clothes, which were very plain, but neat and well fitting, and went out on deck to see the country they were passing through.

All the passengers, ladies and children were there, gazing at the changing scenes along the banks of the mighty river.

Everywhere toward the delta the country was low and flat. The plantations of waving sugar-cane stretched back from the river for miles and miles. The negro cabins could be seen here and there, and sometimes little families of black children stood at the water's edge gazing at the majestic steamer plowing its way seaward.

Louis had never been so far away from home before. He was now going out into the great world beyond the borders of the Crescent City, where all his young life had been spent. He wanted to see it as he passed through it.

In many books that he had read he had found descriptions of countries and peoples. He was now to see them—some of them at least. The great ocean had always been like a dream to him. So had the great ships that sailed upon its broad, and sometimes tempestuous, bosom.

He was now on board one of the great ships and would soon be on the ocean. How his young heart fluttered as the realization of his hopes loomed up before him! Mr. Chiardi, for whom he had run many an errand, had often told him that some day he'd give him a chance to sail on one of the ships of his line, and now he had done so—though only a joke was intended at the time.

The passengers smiled as they looked at the youth who had turned the tables on the agent, and one of them, a young commercial traveler came up to him and remarked:

"So you are going to New York, are you?"

"Yes, if this ship goes there, and I live long enough," he replied.

"Oh, I guess the steamer will get there, and I hope you will live long enough to pull through yourself."

"So do I. Do you live in New York?"

"Yes. I live there when I am not traveling."

"Big place, isn't it?"



"Yes. It's the largest city in this country."

"Of course. Every fool knows that."

The man was staggered.

"So you are a fool, then?" he said, looking hard at the youth.

"Yes, the biggest one on board this ship. What business are you in?"

"Oh, I'm traveling round the country hunting for fools," was the reply.

Louis looked up at him quickly and smiled. But he didn't say anything.

"What amuses you?" the drummer asked.

"I was thinking what a fool you must be to come so far for what could be had at your home."

The drummer smiled in turn, and decided that the boy was not as much of a fool as some he had seen in his travels.

"The world has a good many fools in it, I guess," he remarked, and then he asked: "What are you going to do in New York?"

"I am going to work, I reckon."

"At what?"

"Making money."

"Oh! Do you know how to make money?"

"I don't know that I do. I don't ever expect to be too old to learn some things."

Just then Mr. Penard came up with a couple of gentlemen, and began talking with him. The drummer drew away, and Louis turned his attention to the man who had been so kind to him.

"Louis," said the New Orleans merchant, "this gentleman lives in New York. I've been telling him about you, and he wanted to see you."

Louis looked up at the man and took off his hat as he bowed.

The man bowed likewise, and said:

"I may be able to help you along in the city. Here is my card. I am a lawyer. Come and see me some time. You'll find New York a pretty hard place for a poor boy with no friends."

"A poor boy with no friends has a hard time anywhere, I reckon," said Louis. "There's nothing for him to do but work, and there's more work in New York than in New Orleans. I am much obliged to you, sir."

The steamer plowed its way through the muddy current of the river to the gulf. Louis remained on deck till the broad expanse of water came into view, and then went below to supper.

Ere he had quite finished the meal, the steamer struck the ground swell of the sea, and made him feel queer.

He knew nothing about the horrors of sea-sickness. Such a thought had not entered his mind. The first symptoms caused a longing for fresh air, so he went on deck again, and felt better for the time being.

But the motion of the ship brought on the queer feeling again, and he became alarmed. He was going to tell the captain that he was very sick, when he met Mr. Penard, who had come on board with the New York lawyer to smoke a cigar.

"I—I am awful sick," he said to the merchant.

"Are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's sea-sickness, caused by the motion of the ship. You will get over it in a little while, and will be all right."

"But—I—may die," groaned Louis.

"Oh, no danger of that," said Mr. Penard, laughing. "It never kills."

"But if it's the motions—of the—ugh—ship, why ain't you sick too?"

"Oh, I am never sea-sick. It only makes those sick who have never been to sea before. Over one-half the passengers are as sick as you are, or soon will be. Don't worry; it won't hurt you."

Poor Louis could not understand how Mr. Penard could be so heartless as to laugh when he was so ill. He did not have much time to think about it, though, as he had to go to the side of the ship and look down into the sea for relief.

He looked several times, and then felt better. But he was far from feeling well again, so he remained on deck till midnight drinking in the balmy summer night air. It seemed to give him great relief.

At last he retired to his cabin and tried to sleep. It was a long time ere he could sleep, for he was still sick. But about daylight he

dozed off into the land of Nod and thought no more of the ever restless sea.

It was high noon when he awoke. He was feeling much better, and believed that a few draughts of sea air would cure him entirely.

Dressing himself, he went out on deck and stood around as if enchanted at a scene such as he had never seen before—a broad expanse of water reaching clear to the horizon in every direction.

It was like a revelation to him.

A few sails were in sight, dotting the bosom of the gulf with white wings.

The clerk met him and said that dinner was ready.

"I don't want anything to eat," he said. "I am not hungry."

"You will feel better if you eat something," suggested the clerk.

Louis turned and went below and sat down at the table with a number of other passengers. He saw that some of them looked pale, showing that he had not been alone in his suffering.

He was entirely over his sickness when night came again, and then began to roam about the ship to see what he could learn that was interesting.

The voyage was a long one, and he had plenty of time in which to get acquainted and pick up knowledge of how steamships were run.

One day he was accosted on deck by a lady who was returning North with her little daughter, a girl of thirteen years. She was an invalid, and had spent the winter in the South for her health, and was going home for the summer.

Said she:

"You are going to New York to make your fortune, I hear?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said, removing his hat with true politeness.

"Have you no friends there?" she asked.

"I don't know any one there, ma'am."

"Never was there before?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you any trade at which to work?"

"No, ma'am."

"My poor child, I fear you will find it a hard struggle. There are thousands of people there who can't find employment."

"How do they live, then?" he asked.

"Indeed, I don't know. It's one of the mysteries I could never understand. I don't live in New York. I reside in Boston. My husband is in business there."

Louis then asked her many very intelligent questions about Boston, showing that he had read the history of his country to some advantage.

Her name was Somers, and her daughter's name was Georgie. The girl spoke to him, as if she felt a sisterly interest in him.

"If you ever come to Boston you must come and see us," said Mrs. Somers.

"Yes," said Georgie, "I shall be ever so glad to see you. I like the South, and would like to live there always."

Mrs. Somers smiled and remarked:

"Yes, we like the climate very much. I am going to try to persuade my husband to move South and permanently reside there."

All the way up to the city of New York Louis continued to make friends with the passengers on board the steamer. The captain particularly seemed to like him very much.

"See here, my boy," the captain said to him as they were going up through the Narrows, "we remain several days at our wharf before sailing again, discharging and receiving freight. Come down and eat and sleep on board till we sail. That will give you a chance to get a start. I like your pluck and believe that you are going to succeed in pushing your way up. Remember one thing, that Captain Post, of the Southern Star, is your friend as long as you continue to deserve a friend."

"Oh, I thank you ever so much, captain," said Louis, his eyes filling with tears. "You have been like a father to me."

"That's all right, my boy. Good luck to you. Keep up a brave heart and never get discouraged and you'll come out all right."

Louis was amazed at the amount of shipping he saw as the steamer plowed her way up to her wharf. It was nothing like what he had read about the great metropolis of the nation, as he had never seen any minute description of the scene.

The day, too, was not like the June days of the sunny South. It was cool, but not unpleasantly so, but it was enough to prove to the



Southerners on board that they were now in another climate altogether.

When the steamer was moored to her pier the passengers went ashore, to be greeted by eager, expectant friends, or to take cars or carriages to points of destination.

But Louis Beauvais had no friends there to greet him.

He took his gripsack in hand and went ashore, landing among a crowd of hackmen, yelling and screeching at the passengers for the fares they hoped to get.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ARRESTED IN NEW YORK.

LOUIS started to reach the street through the crowd. A very enterprising hackman seized his gripsack and said:

"Kerridge—kerridge! This way, sir!"

"I don't want any carriage," said Louis, trying to pull his gripsack away from him.

The hackman let go of the gripsack, and shoved him aside with a rudeness that caused his hot Southern blood to rush to his face.

He stopped and glared at the man, who turned his attention to other passengers.

"G'wan now!" said another young hackman, taking him by the shoulder and giving him a rude shove. "G'wan now an' hoof it!"

Louis turned fiercely on him and said:

"Keep your hands off me!"

"G'wan now!" said the young hackman, again shoving him along.

Quick as a flash Louis dropped his gripsack and gave him a blow between the eyes, sending him reeling back against another hackman, who stood him up again with the remark:

"Go for 'im, Cully!"

The young hackman was a youth of some eighteen or nineteen years of age, endowed with a wonderful supply of cheek and freshness.

He recovered himself in a moment and then went for Louis. Both were plucky, having the American spirit of combative independence to a marked degree.

But fortunately for Louis, he was quite an expert in the use of his fists, and in a few passes convinced the young hackman that he was able to stay or "g'wan" just as it suited him.

A policeman came up, however, and the young hackman darted away to escape. The officer laid a heavy hand on Louis' shoulder and said:

"Come along! I want you."

"What for?" Louis asked.

"Come and see," and he led him out of the place, across the street, and up another toward Broadway.

It was an arrest, and Louis turned pale as he thought of the result of his landing in the great city for the first time in his life.

He wanted to tell the officer how it was—how it came about, but the officer assured him that he had no right to settle the case—that the judge would do that.

A crowd followed him to the Tombs along Broadway, and when they arrived there court was being held to dispose of the cases then on hand.

Somebody told the officer to take him before the judge at once, and he did so.

"What's this lad charged with?" the judge asked, looking him over from head to foot.

"He was fighting with a hackman down on the pier of the New Orleans Steamship Line," said the officer.

"Where's the hackman?"

"He skipped, your honor."

"Well, what have you to say to the charge, young man?" and the judge turned to Louis. "How did it come about? You don't look like a bad boy."

"I have never been accused of being a bad boy, judge," Louis answered. "I came from New Orleans on the steamer which came in this morning, and was never in New York before. The hackman yelled 'kerridge' at me and snatched my gripsack from me. I caught it again and told him I didn't want any carriage. He then gave me a rude shove and told me to 'g'wan,' whatever that means. I told him to keep his hands off, and he gave me another shove and said 'g'wan' again. I could not stand that, so I gave him one between the eyes, and that's how it happened. I was only defending myself."

The judge looked at him with an amused expression on his kindly face, and said:

"I am sorry the hackman is not here that I might add to the punishment you gave him. You did right. I know those hackmen. They thought you were too young to defend yourself. You are discharged. But let me warn you that in New York we try to settle all troubles peacefully. It is quite different where you came from, so you must be careful about using your fists. Violence is forbidden by our laws. Self-defense belongs to every man, however. You may go."

Louis bowed to the judge and the officer who had arrested him, seized his grip-sack and left the Tombs, which was the first house he had entered in New York.

Out on the street the crowd which had followed him and the officer had dispersed. They had not expected to see him again unless they attended court the next day to see what the judge would do with him.

He went up Center street toward City Hall Square, and wondered what he would do.

"I wish I had left this bag on board the steamer," he said. "It's too much trouble to carry around with me whilst looking for a job."

He reached the City Hall Square, and saw benches in the park, on which people were seated doing nothing. Finding a seat convenient he took it and sat down to think over the situation. He looked around, and sized up the people on the benches.

"They are all out of employment," he said to himself, "and some of them look as if they didn't care whether they have any work or not. There's one man over there who is the worst-looking case I ever saw. He must be one of New York's bums or tramps. Lord, what a hard-looking case he is!"

He sat there for half an hour looking at people coming and going. Newsboys and boot-blacks were busy, and people hurried to and fro, as if business was rushing somewhere in the great city.

At last a man came and sat down by him with a newspaper in his hand. He was quite well dressed and respectable-looking.

"Which way is up-town, sir?" he asked of the man.

"Up that way," was the reply. "That is Broadway over there, and it runs right up-town."

"Do you live here, sir?"

"Yes," and the man looked at him for the first time.

"Do you know if there's a chance for a boy like me to get a job of work?"

"What trade?"

"I have no trade. I am willing to work at anything. I was never in New York till to-day."

The man shook his head.

"This is a dull season when many thousands are out of employment," he said. "Where do you hail from?"

"The South—New Orleans."

"Have you no friends in the city?"

"No."

"Nor money?"

"No."

"It would have been better for you to stay in New Orleans. You might get something to do in New York, but the chances are against you. I have been a month out of work myself, and I have many friends and acquaintances in New York and Brooklyn too."

Louis felt quite blue for a moment or two, but was too bouyant to remain long so. He had come to New York to make his fortune, and was bound to do it.

"But you can sell papers or black boots," said the man, "and manage to pull through, if you have nobody but yourself to take care of. I have a wife and two children to support. But for a little money we had laid up, we would be starving now."

"Well, I'm not afraid of starving," said Louis. "I've nobody to take care of but myself. I can sleep out doors in the summer."

"Yes, but if you sleep with that bag by you, anywhere outdoors in New York, you won't find it again when you wake up."

Louis knew that would be the case in New Orleans, too, and he had made up his mind to go back down to the steamer and leave it there till he could run about in search of work.

Then he saw a policeman whose face he liked, and he resolved to seek information from him.

He went up to him and told him his story.

The officer was interested in him at once.



"Just leave your bag in the police station under the corner of the City Hall there," he said, pointing to the door of the little station there. "They'll take care of it for you there."

"Thanks," said Louis, going direct to the office, where he left his bag, telling them that the officer out in the park had told him he could do so."

"Yes," said another officer, "but we are not running a baggage room here. You may set it under that desk there, but we are not responsible for it."

"There's no thieves among the New York police," remarked Louis. "Nor will any thief come about where they are."

"Good for you, my lad," said an officer. "That's a good compliment."

Louis went out then, and felt free to go whither he pleased in search of work.

He had heard a great deal of Broadway, so he went over on that great thoroughfare and wandered up as far as Union Square, admiring the sights he saw on every side.

But during that long walk he never once saw any sign out calling for help, save where a few girls were wanted.

"It begins to look blue for me," he said, as he walked along. "I may have to go back to the steamer for supper and lodging. I don't want to do that if I can help it. I would rather go down there and tell Captain Post that I can take care of myself and don't need any help from anybody. He would think more of me."

Suddenly he made up his mind that if he wanted work he must ask for it. With that idea uppermost in his mind, he entered a store and asked the proprietor if he wanted any help.

"No," was the gruff reply.

He bowed and passed out.

A dozen stores were entered where he received the same reply to all queries.

He passed over to Sixth avenue and tried a number of stores there. In every instance he was met with a blunt "no."

At last evening came and the lights of the great city came out.

He saw thousands of people hurrying to their homes, whilst he had no shelter to which to go, save that which had been offered by the captain of the steamer.

He found the steamer at last, and went on board.

The purser first saw him.

"Hello, Louis!" he greeted. "Want to go South again?"

"I don't know yet," was the reply.

"What luck have you had?"

"None at all."

"Where's your bag?"

"At the police station."

"Police station?"

"Yes."

"What's it doing there?"

"I left it there."

"Did the police arrest you?"

"Yes," and then he related the story of his adventures during the day.

The purser laughed and told him he had been very lucky, and that he ought to look upon the whole day's proceedings as a lucky omen.

The captain came along and greeted him kindly.

"Go down and get your supper, my lad," he said, "and you'll find a good bed on board, too, when you want to lie down."

"Thanks, captain. I came back because I had nowhere else to go," and he went below, where he ate a hearty supper.

He spent the night there, and early the next morning he scanned the columns of a paper in search of a situation. It was difficult to find any call that promised him anything, as he had no trade.

But he saw one which said that a smart boy of sixteen or eighteen years was wanted. He hastened to see about it.

When he arrived at the place he found about twenty other boys there of all ages, sizes and conditions. Each one of whom expected to get the place.

He waited an hour for the advertiser to come, by which time the crowd had increased to half a hundred at least.

They were admitted in batches of five, and when the batch came out that went in first the others eagerly asked:

"What's ther job, cullies?"

"He's er Dutchman, an' wants er kid ter sell his limburger."

"Oh—ah!" groaned the crowd of boys, scattering in every direction.

Louis laughed and went away with the rest of them. "If the job was one no one in that crowd wanted he was quite sure that he didn't want it himself."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE TWO JUNK BOYS.

On the way back from the place he had gone to in quest of a situation, he fell in with a boy about his own age, whose name was Tom Berrien. He happened to ask him if times were so dull in New York all summer.

"Yes," replied the other, "an' it's dull till summer's gone."

"What's a fellow to do?"

"Hustle," was the reply.

"How?"

"Hump yerself."

"But *how*?"

"Great gosh! Where yer from, cully?" the New York boy asked.

"The South—New Orleans."

"Oh—a reg'lar greeny," and the other looked him over as if to size him up.

Louis stood the inspection unflinchingly, and then asked:

"Do you really think I am a greeny?"

"No," said the other. "Yer're all right."

"All right. Now come on. I want to talk with you," and he drew Tom's arm through his, and started off up another street. "What's your name?"

"Tom Berrien."

"Why, that's a southern name!"

"I dunno," said Tom.

"What have you been doing—the last time you worked?"

"I run wid er scrap iron cart."

"What's a scrap iron cart?"

"Great gosh!"

"Never mind 'great gosh,'" said Louis. "New York and New Orleans are two places. Were you to go down there you'd be green, too. What's a scrap iron cart?"

"A cart who goes round pickin' up old scrap iron."

"What do you do with the scrap iron?"

"Sell it ter ther dealers."

"Any money in it?"

"Yes, if yer has a cart an' kin pay for der iron."

"Can we hire a cart?"

Tom looked at him.

"Pard, I can't hire a bite from a mosquito," he said.

"I'll do the hiring if you'll answer my questions."

"Gosh! Got any 'scads!" gasped Tom.

"Scads? What's scads?"

"Money, yer fool!"

"Oh! I never heard anybody but idiots call money 'scads' before," remarked Louis.

"Oh, I'm er bloomin' idiot, I guess," and Tom grinned from ear to ear. "Got any money?"

"I 'guess' I have, as you Yankees say. But answer my question. What can a cart be hired for?"

"A hand-cart kin be hired for twenty-five cents er day."

"Does the man you sell to pay cash every time you deliver?"

"Yes, spot cash."

"Do you know where we can hire a cart?"

"Yes."

"Do you understand the business?"

"Yes."

"Then let's hire the cart and try our luck."

"Got money enough to pay for the scraps?"

"Yes, reckon I have."

Tom stretched out his hand and said:

"I'm yer oyster, cully. What's yer name?"

"My name is Louis Beauvais."

"'Nuff sed," responded Tom. "Come on," and he led the way to an old Irishman's shop whom he well knew, and said he wanted to hire a cart by the day.

The Irishman, whose name was Casey, led the way back to where he had quite a number of push-carts, which were for sale or to hire.



Tom selected one which he thought would suit, and Louis paid the hire of it for the day.

Then they started out on the street.

Tom knew what routes to take, and Louis went along, helping him push the cart as they went along.

By great good luck they found a load in a couple of hours consisting of a couple of old stoves and numerous bits that made up a load of about 300 pounds, for which Louis paid \$1.50, or half a cent a pound.

Then they went to a dealer and sold him the load for two cents a pound.

But when they weighed it on the dealer's scales it was about 100 pounds short.

Louis was astonished.

He looked at Tom and Tom glared at him.

Then he got on the scales himself. He knew that his own weight was 110 pounds. He weighed less than eighty pounds on the scales.

"I won't sell iron on those scales," he said to the dealer.

"What's the matter with them scales?" the dealer demanded.

"They are not right. I weigh 110 pounds. They make me weigh less than eighty pounds."

"Them scales is right, young man, an' don't yer forgit it," and the dealer glared fiercely at him as he spoke.

"They may be all right for you but not for me," said Louis. "I won't sell by them. Here, Tom, let's put the iron back in the cart," and he began to throw the iron into the cart again.

The dealer was mad as a hornet. He knew it wouldn't do to let the lads go away and tell all the other junkmen how he had attempted to swindle them. It would ruin his business.

"Lemme see if them scales is wrong," and he pretended to make an examination of the scales, till he suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, yes. Some fool has been tamperin' with it. Now let's see if they weigh all right. Git on them an' see if they do."

Louis weighed himself again, and found that he weighed his usual weight, and said so.

Then the iron was weighed again, and paid for, netting a profit of \$4.25, after deducting the hire of the cart.

"Look here, Tom," said Louis. "There's money in this business. Let's stick to it and get rich."

"Good," said Tom.

"Come on then, for another load."

They went in quest of another load, and found that a good load could not be found on every trip.

After hard work and going into many places to be bluffed and spoken to roughly, they returned with about 250 pounds, for which they got the same price. But they had to pay more for some of it, which made their profit less. But they managed to count up a profit of three dollars each when they returned the cart to the old Irishman in the evening.

Tom went to his home, and Louis went down to the steamer to tell Captain Post what he had decided to do in New York.

"Very good," said the captain, patting him on the shoulder. "Just stick to it and take care of your money and you'll go up to the head of the heap some day."

The next morning he bade good-bye to the captain and the purser, and promised to call when the steamer returned from another trip to New Orleans, and went up to the old shop where the carts were to be had.

He found Tom waiting for him, and they shook hands over the good luck they had met with on their first day.

"We must try to keep up with it, Tom," said Louis. "By and by we can buy our own carts and have our own yard and a sign up on it."

Tom looked at him in surprise.

He had never been in the habit of looking more than a week or two ahead. Here was a boy looking forward to the time when he would be a man, and a rich one too. He would keep right along with him and be rich too.

"Yes," he said, "we'll stick to it. Come on!"

They went in another direction that day, and for another lucky pile ere they had been out half an hour.

The wife of a janitor called them into the basement of a big flat house, and sold them a bag of rags and a pile of iron, and over 150 pounds of lead pipe, the whole making a load of over 400 pounds.

"Who!" said Tom. "What a haul this is!"

"What is it?" Louis asked.

"That lead pipe is worth four times as much as the iron."

"Then we should have paid her as much."

"Naw!" said Tom. "It didn't cost her nawthin'. She picked it up round der house some'ers."

Louis thought that perhaps he was right, and said no more about it. They sold the rags and the lead and iron, and cleared much more money than on the day before.

They started out again, and by night had gathered but a half load of scraps that did not make them but seventy-five cents profit.

When they turned in the cart again Louis went to a cheap boarding-house near the old Irishman's shop, and hired a room by the week.

Then he went down to the City Hall police station and got his bag, which he carried up to his room.

It was a very poorly furnished room, the entire place being musty and ill-smelling. But it was cheap, and he could not afford to do any better.

He went to a West side bank and deposited \$8, leaving himself enough to do business with for the rest of the week.

"I don't want to be robbed," he said, "and if it's in the bank they can't get it from me."

The next two or three days were varying in profits. But they had no reason to complain. They made a division at the end of the week, and found that they had made a profit of nearly \$14 each.

"Great gosh!" said Tom, "that's gittin' rich."

"Yes," said Louis, "and if you will do as I say, we'll soon have a big business going."

"I'll do it," said Tom.

"Well, put all your money in a bank and never say anything about it to anybody, nor about how much we are making."

"That's ther go!" and two hours later Tom had \$10 in the bank to his credit—more than he ever had before in his life.

They went to work again early on Monday morning, and struck a place where the woman had a lot of odds and ends in her back yard, which she had been gathering up for nearly a year.

Tom went in to see about the price, and while he was dickering with the woman for the purchase of the lot another junkman came along, pushing his cart. He saw Louis waiting by his cart, and, not knowing that Tom was inside the premises, he left his cart and hurried into the house.

A few minutes later Tom came to the door and said:

"Come help me, Louis."

Louis ran in, and Tom led the way to the yard, where the other junkman, a stalwart Hungarian, held possession of the pile of old iron, and sputtering a jargon which neither could understand.

"We've got ter make 'im skip," said Tom, gathering up an iron gas-pipe about five feet long.

Louis got another of the same size, and the Hungarian drew an ugly-looking knife. The Irish woman sided with the boys.

The Hungarian sputtered and held a handful of money toward her, but as she could not understand a word he said she would have nothing to do with him.

"Dhrive out ther baste," she said, and all three made an attack on him at once.

The woman was the first to hit him. She gave him a whack over the head that staggered him, making him see more stars by daylight than he had ever seen at night.

Then Tom and Louis each gave him a whack, knocking the knife from his hand, and sending him yelling out of the yard.

"Drat ther baste!" cried the woman. "Sure, an' it's wishing I'd kilt 'im, I am."

"Better run out an' see about our cart, Louis," suggested Tom.

Louis ran through the hall of the house, and emerged upon the front stoop just in time to see the Hungarian disappear around the corner with both carts.

With a call to Tom to come on, he dashed down the street in pursuit, turned the corner, and made for the Hungarian, still clutching the iron gas-pipe in his hand.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE LUCKY TRADE.

Louis ran up to the Hungarian and said:

"Let go that cart!"



The Hungarian made a break to run with the two carts.

Louis gave him a whack on the head with the gas pipe that sent him rolling on the pavement.

The next moment he cut the two carts apart and took possession of his own, and was half way back to the corner when the Hungarian made a rush at him like an enraged tiger.

A policeman hove in sight and saw what he thought was an unprovoked assault on the boy by the Hungarian, who wore a heavy beard. He sprang forward and gave him a whack on the head that again caused him to make some astronomical observations.

On seeing an officer the Hungarian surrendered at once, and began to splutter his incomprehensible jargon.

The officer took him and his cart to the station, thinking him a lunatic, and Louis hurried around the corner just as Tom came out of the house to tell him he had bought the lot of scrap iron from the woman.

It was then that Tom heard for the first time what had happened round on the other street.

"Ther duffer was bound ter have sump'n," said Tom.

"Yes, even to a broken head," remarked Louis. "I can't understand what makes the fellow act so."

"Sure an' he was hyer last wake," said the Irish woman, "an' I tould him an' ther gossoon as wer' wid'im, that I'd sell'im that iron av he gave me money enough for it."

"That settles it," said Louis, laughing. "He believed that he had bought the iron. Did he pay you anything for it, ma'am?"

"Niver a cint," she replied.

"Then it's ours," and they weighed it and paid for it on the spot.

It took them a half hour or more to load it on the cart, and then they hastened away for fear the policeman should return to arrest Louis for striking the Hungarian on the street.

They got back in time to dispose of the load before business for the day closed. The dealer wanted to include thirty pounds of copper in the iron; but Tom had been in the business before, and knew what copper was worth. It was more valuable than all the scraps that were brought in.

"But you didn't pay any more for it than you did for the iron," he said to Tom.

"That's so," said Tom, "but you'll pay more for it if you get it."

And so he did.

He made more money buying from ignorant junkmen than he did when trading with Tom and Louis.

But Tom knew the value of everything they brought in, and Louis was fast learning. In a little while he would be master of the business.

The second week was even more profitable than the first one, but that served only to stimulate them to greater exertions.

Tom had come to like Louis for his pluck and good sense. He had never had any luck till he met him, and now they were the best friends in the world.

At the end of a month Louis said to Tom:

"It's time we owned our own cart."

"Yes; I've thought of that," replied Tom. "But where'll we keep it?"

Ah! that was a question.

They were paying twenty-five cents a day for a cart, which was six dollars a month. A tremendous interest on the value of the money invested in it.

"Then let's pay for it by the month. Maybe we can get it a little cheaper," Louis suggested, after a minute's pause. "We have no place to corral one of our own."

They asked the old Irishman what he would hire them a cart for by the month, as they were tired paying him twenty-five cents a day.

The old man never dreamed they could raise so much money, so he said:

"Five dollars."

"I'll give you four and not a cent more," said Louis.

"Have ye got the money?"

"Yes."

"Thin take it."

They paid him the four dollars with the understanding that it could be kept in his place every night.

"That's two dollars a month saved on cart hire," remarked Louis.

"That's the way to make money."

"It's a big head you have, Louis," said Tom, as they started off on their trip for the day.

It was during this day that they struck the French quarter in the neighborhood of Bleeker street. Tom was going into every sort of place making inquiries after old metal of any kind.

A very voluble French woman in a little French restaurant began talking with him in her mother tongue, and motioned him to follow her down-stairs into the cellar.

He went down there with her, and, by the aid of a candle's light, saw a big copper still and coil upon coil of copper pipe.

His eyes stretched wide when he beheld the lot, and he said to her:

"I'll buy if you'll sell."

She spluttered French at him with copious volubility, not a word of which he could understand.

"Great gosh!" he said to himself, "I must git er frog-eater ter come an' talk ter her," and he turned and left the place.

"Louis, she's got more'n er thousand pounds o' copper down cellar, an' I don't know French talk. Gosh! what'll we do?"

"I can speak French," said Louis.

"Eh! Gosh! Go an' buy it. Give her three cents or five cents er pound."

Louis went into the little restaurant, and saw that the French woman was angry about something.

He took off his hat, and making a bow that won her good will at once, said:

"Madame, my partner does not understand the tongue of *La Belle France*, and I have come to see you about the old iron in your cellar."

"Yes," she answered. "Come, I will show it to you. It has been there a long time. It was here when we came here ten years ago. My husband says it's not ours, and won't bother himself about it. We have paid ten years' rent for the place, and it is here yet. I will sell it if monsieur will buy it."

"What does madame want for it?" he asked.

"What will monsieur give for it? I know not so much as a child about it."

Louis looked over the pile and decided that it could not be very far from one thousand pounds in weight.

"I'll give madame ten dollars for it," he said.

A bright smile came into her face. It was evident that she had not expected so much for it.

She closed with him at once, and she lost no time about it, either. Louis gave her the money and then called Tom in to help him take out the prize.

They found it covered with mold, but that made no difference. It was the finest copper that was made.

They made five loads and found that it was much more than they had guessed at, and when all was disposed of they had cleared over \$200.

"Tom," said Louis, "it was a streak of good luck which we may never strike again. That copper was left there years ago, and nobody claimed it. Probably the owner died and no one knew it was there. Now for good luck I want to go back and give Madame Espann ten dollars more. It may bring us more good luck."

"Good! Yes," said Tom, who believed in good luck with all his heart and soul.

Louis called on Madame Espann and said:

"Madame, we have sold the old iron and made some money on it, and I have come to share some of it with you. Here is your share. I wish madame great joy and happiness," and he laid ten dollars in her hand as he spoke.

The French woman was almost paralyzed with joy. It was a big sum to her.

She threw her arms around Louis' neck and kissed him, saying:

"You are the one grand honest man!"

"Thanks, madame," he said, as he tried to get away from her.

But she wanted to give vent to her gratitude, and kept him there several minutes, pouring out a voluble flood of French eloquence. She promised to inquire among all her acquaintances for old metal and rags, and let him know if she could find any.

He thanked her again, and then left.

That evening he went down to see Captain Post, of the Southern Star, and heard him tell how all his friends in New Orleans were laughing at Chiardi, the agent of the line, about the way a practical



joke had gone against him when little Louis Beauvais caught the steamer and got to New York at his expense.

"Some day I'll return him the money," said Louis.

"Well, I wouldn't," said the captain. "He played as a joke on you."

"Yes, so he did; but I am not willing to keep the joke all on my side."

"Oh, he can stand it. He's well fixed," and the jolly captain laughed heartily as he remembered some of the many practical jokes Chiardi had played on other people.

"So you are getting along swimmingly, eh?" he asked of Louis, after he had his laugh out.

"Yes, sir. I have nothing to complain of."

"Haven't been arrested any more, have you?"

"No, sir, but came very near it once. One is liable to get snapped up at any time in New York."

"Yes, one has to be careful how he makes trouble here."

Taking leave of the captain, Louis went back to his home and told Tom where he had been.

The summer passed and the fall months came on. Business had been good with them.

One day they were going through the street on which Madame Espau kept her little restaurant.

She saw them and ran out to hail Louis.

"Monsieur, you have not been to see me in ever so long," she said.

"I have been ever so busy, madame," he replied.

"Indeed, and do you push your cart on Sundays?"

"No, madame. I rest and read on Sundays, and of evenings."

"But monsieur could have called to see if I had found any more iron for him. Monsieur must be getting rich when he does not wish to see his poor friends."

Louis bantered her a little, and then promised to come and see her soon. He was about to push his cart along, when she said:

"If monsieur will go to number 23 on — street, he will find Madame Dupre willing to sell him some old iron."

"Ah! Madame tells me how ungrateful I have been," replied Louis, raising his hat and bowing with the politeness of a Frenchman.

They went to the place named to Madame Dupre, and found her to be another French woman. She had about 600 pounds of old iron of every description in the corner of the rear yard, which had been thrown there by residents on the floors above her, and by some workmen who had made repairs on the old house a couple of years before.

Louis spoke to Tom and said he believed it was nothing but old iron and nothing else.

"Why, there are several old stoves badly broken up," he said, "and all yellow with rust."

"Fifty cents a hundred is all it's worth," said Tom.

"Just what I told her," remarked Louis. "But she won't take it."

"Then let her keep it," and they moved on without taking the iron.

A few days later, on a Sunday, Louis concluded he would call on Madame Espau. He had bought a very neat suit of clothes for Sunday wear, and hardly looked like the same boy in it. Madame Espau did not recognize him at first, but did finally and gave him a cordial welcome.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MADAME DUPRE'S IRON.

"MONSIEUR LOUIS," said the voluble madame, "you did not buy Madame Dupre's old iron?"

"No," he said. "She wanted more than we could afford to give. It is very poor and half rust. I offered her all it was worth to us, but she would not take it."

"Ah! I told her you were honest, and that you had offered her an honest price. She will take your offer if you go there to-morrow."

"Then I shall go, thanks to madame's kindness," he replied.

The madame pressed him to stay to tea with her, and he did so. Madame Dupre came in after tea, and was presented to him. She recognized him at once, and promptly told him that he could have the old iron at his price if he would call for it on Monday.

"I shall call to-morrow, madame," he said, and when he arose to leave Madame Dupre did likewise, to have the benefit of his escort, she said.

Louis escorted her to her home. She kept a little confectionery and grocery store, living in the rear of the store.

Early on Monday morning Louis and Tom went to her place and took away the iron, which was composed of odds and ends of every conceivable description. But old broken stoves made up the greater bulk of it.

When they had placed half the load in their cart they were going to move away with it, when the cart broke down.

Tom went to the old Irishman's shop and got another and larger one, with which he returned.

Louis waited for him, and whilst doing so discovered something that startled him.

Deep down in an old rust-eaten and broken stove he found a few burglar's tools, a loaded revolver and a dirk-knife, all badly rusted from long exposure to the rains.

He drew them out and laid them on the ground. Then he got an ax and broke up the stove.

In the bottom he found a gold watch and chain and a big diamond stud and solitaire ring.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he gazed at the find. "This is a gold mine! It was hidden here by a burglar who was hard pressed, maybe, and who never got a chance to get at it again."

He put the valuables in his pocket, and went on with his search. But he found nothing more.

The dirk knife had an iron handle on which a chip had been spliced by a skilled workman in ivory. But the blade was badly rusted, as were the tools and revolver.

When Tom returned with the other cart Louis assisted him to load up, and then went with him to dispose of the lot.

He carried the tools and revolver in his hands, having wrapped his handkerchief around them.

That evening in their room by the dim light of a small lamp, he told Tom about what he had found.

Tom was dumfounded.

He did not know what to do or say.

He was in favor of doing nothing, and keeping the watch and diamonds.

"And get arrested some day for having 'em," said Louis. "That won't do, Tom. They were stolen by somebody who hid them there, or they'd never been put there. Maybe a reward has been offered for 'em, and we may get it. That would pay us better than keeping 'em and run the risk of getting into trouble. Besides, it's always best to be honest. I'm always going to be honest in everything I do."

Tom had nothing to say against that position. He had long since made up his mind that Louis' head was better than his own, so he said:

"You know best. Do as you please."

"Well, I'm going to see the police to-morrow and show 'em these things."

"Want me to go with you?"

"No. You go on with the cart. I know a lawyer who came up on the steamer with me. I'll go and see him first."

Louis hunted up the lawyer's card, and the next day called on him at his office.

The lawyer didn't know him, and he had to introduce himself.

"Oh, yes, I remember you now," he said, extending his hand. "I am glad to see you. How are you getting along in New York? Haven't made your fortune yet, eh?"

"No, sir, but I am trying very hard," he replied.

"What are you doing now?" the lawyer asked.

"Oh, I'm hustling around for a living," and then he explained what he was doing.

"Very good," said the lawyer. "I know one man who got very rich in that business. It pays well, I guess, if you stick to it and understand how to manage it."

Louis then told him about the valuables he had found in the pile of old iron the day before, and laid the watch, diamonds, weapons, and tools, on the desk before him.

The lawyer was amazed.

He took up the watch and opened it by means of the blade of his knife.

There he saw an inscription that startled him.

"It was John Hemerich's watch!" he said.

"Who is John Hemerich?" Louis asked.

"He was a very rich man, who was found murdered in his room one night. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. The police worked very hard, but failed to get the



villain. It was some two or three years ago. They gave it up, I believe, as a mystery they could not solve. What do you want me to do?"

"Tell me what to do."

"Well, turn it over to the chief of police."

"Won't you do that for me?"

"Yes. Come, we'll go right now. You'll have your name in all the papers to-morrow, or in a few days. You did a wise thing in deciding to make this discovery known. How came you to do so?"

"I knew that some thief must have hidden them there," Louis replied, "and I don't want to have anything to do with that kind of business."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the lawyer. "Come on with me."

They went down to the street and entered a street-car, which took them to the headquarters of the chief of police in a few minutes.

The chief knew the lawyer well, and greeted him cordially.

"Chief, I've a clew to the John Hemerich murder," the lawyer said.

The chief started.

"Sure?" he asked. "We've been looking for one for nearly three years."

"Well, here's his watch, diamond stud and ring, which were so often accurately described," and he laid them before the chief, who took them up one by one and examined them.

"Yes," he said, "this is the watch, and these look like the diamonds. Now tell me how you came by them?"

"Look at these next," said the lawyer, laying the burglar's tools, knife and revolver before him.

"They are familiar objects," remarked the chief, "and seem to have been lying out in the rain for a long time."

"Probably ever since the night of the murder," said the lawyer.

"Yes, no doubt. Now give me your story."

"This lad can tell it better than I," the lawyer remarked, introducing Louis by name.

Louis then told, in plain, simple language, how, when and where he found the articles.

"Good Heavens!" the chief exclaimed. "That is the same street and number where Burglar Anson lived! He was caught there the next day after the murder of Hemerich, charged with having been one of a gang of burglars who had burglarized several houses in this city and Brooklyn. He knew we were watching him, and so he concealed these things where a searcher would never think of looking for them. I remember now, that we failed to find anything suspicious either in his room or on his person. If one of his pals had not squealed we should not have been able to send him up. He is serving out a seven year sentence up the river now."

"Do you think you can fasten this crime on him?" the lawyer asked of the chief.

"I haven't a doubt of it. I'll make an investigation at once."

"Was there not a big reward offered for the arrest and conviction of the murderer?"

"Yes, and the offer has never been withdrawn."

"It was \$5,000, was it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't forget Louis Beauvais in settling the case."

"Indeed I won't. Give me your name and address, my young friend."

Louis gave him his address, and the chief told him he might want to see him and have him guide him to the spot where he found the things.

They came away, and Louis, after thanking the lawyer, repaired to the shop of the dealer to whom he and Tom sold most of their stuff, where he waited for Tom to turn up with a load.

He did not have to wait long, for he soon came with a load of old odds and ends that paid a profit of about \$1.50.

"What luck did you have, Louis?" Tom asked as soon as he got the chance to speak privately to him.

"Good," replied Louis. "But we don't want to talk about private business in public places."

Tom took the hint and said no more at the time. But he and Louis set out soon after on a trip for more iron, and then he learned all about what had been done about the diamonds and burglars' tools.

"When the business is done," said Louis, "we may be able to have

a shop and yard of our own, and some wagons and horses going all the time."

"Whew!" and Tom seemed to think the prospect a glowing one.

"It all comes of my going back to Madame Espann and giving her that ten dollars extra," said Louis.

"Yes, or she'd never have thought of us again."

"No, of course not. We must not forget her in this case, either."

"No, she has brought us good luck, somehow."

"Yes, she is a French woman all over. She loves to hear herself talk, I think."

"Does Madame Dupre know anything about the things you found?"

"No, nor am I going to tell her anything about it, either."

They spent the rest of the week as usual, going about over the city, and the following Sunday Louis again called on Madame Espann, who received him with voluble cordiality.

"Oh, Monsieur Beauvais," she exclaimed in French, "Madame Dupre is frightened almost to death. Two officers have been in the rear yard of her place examining the spot where you found the old iron. What in the world can be the matter? She is so afraid they may arrest her."

"Oh, she need not be afraid," said Louis, laughing. "They have been to see me, too. They are not going to arrest anybody. Tell her not to worry."

"But whatever in the world does it mean, monsieur?"

"Indeed, you will have to ask the police, madam. I would soon go crazy were I to try to keep up with the police. Why they arrested me before I had been ten minutes landed in New York."

"Indeed! I didn't know that," and then he had to tell her all about his first day's experience in New York, at which she was very much amused.

"You need not be surprised to receive a visit from them yourself," he said, "if they hear that you sent me to Madame Dupre's for that iron."

"Was the iron stolen?"

"That's what they are trying to find out, I believe. A famous burglar once lived in one of the rooms over her place years ago, and they may be trying to find out something about him."

"I won't say a word if they come here," she said.

Louis could not help laughing at the absurd idea that madame could ever refrain from talking when she had somebody to talk to. If the policeman didn't use his club to stop her, he would be a man of wonderful forbearance.

Again did she press him to stay to tea, and again did Madame Dupre come just after they had finished tea.

"Ah, monsieur," she cried, running toward him, and clutching him by the arms, "what have you done? The police have been overrunning my yard, and raking over the spot where that old iron lay so long."

"Madame, I have done nothing but sell the iron I bought from you," he replied, "and they have been to me about it. I hope you did not sell me any trouble when you sold me that iron."

"Oh, dear! Whatever does it mean?" and she wrung her hands as if in the greatest distress of mind.

"Madame should not worry, for she has done no wrong, nor is she even suspected. Let her wait."

"But what does it mean?"

"I suppose it means that the police are looking for a clew."

"What is a clew?"

"A clew is something that guides one in search of something or somebody."

"Oh! I understand. Do they expect to find something where that old iron was?"

"Perhaps they do. They won't tell us what they want to do, you know, so it's best for us not to talk too much ourselves, till we first know what we are talking about."

He spent another hour there talking with the two French women. They both seemed to like him very much, because he was polite and respectful to them at all times.

When the time came for him to go Madame Dupre claimed his escort round to her door, which he cheerfully accorded.

It was then that the wily woman tried to get his secret from him as to what the police were after. But he pretended to be as ignorant as she was as regarded the case. He parted with her at her door, and went to his own humble quarters.



## CHAPTER VII.

## ARRESTED AGAIN—NOT GUILTY.

THE next day, which was Monday, Louis received a call from a detective just as he was about to start out for the day.

"You are Louis Beauvais?" the detective asked.

"Yes, sir—that's my name," he replied.

"And your partner—is this he?"

"Yes——"

"And his name?"

"Tom Berrien."

"And who are you?" Tom asked, looking up at the man in a way that showed he was suspicious of him.

"My name is Beck—Detective Beck they call me," replied the man.

"Oh, I've heard of you," said Tom.

"Yes, a good many have heard of me," he said, and then turning to Louis he added:

"The chief wishes to see you at his office this evening at eight o'clock."

"I'll be on hand," said Louis.

"All right," said Beck, turning away and leaving them to pursue their business as usual.

"I hope there ain't any trouble growing out'n this," said Tom.

"No, none for us, Tom," replied Louis. "As long as we do nothing wrong ourselves, we have no need to expect trouble from anybody."

"Yes, that's so," and Tom went on pushing his cart as if the matter had been fully settled in his mind.

That evening Louis and Tom put on their holiday clothes and went up to see the chief of police.

Only Tom went into the main room. Louis was taken into the private office of the chief.

"Ah! I'm glad to see you, Beauvais," said the chief. "I want you to make an affidavit as to how, when and where you found the articles you brought here last week. I have one written out just as you told me the story at the time. I'll read it to you, and you must tell me if there is any part not strictly true."

The chief then read the statement to him. Louis listened closely, and corrected him in one place. The correction was made, and then he said:

"That's just as it was."

"You can swear to that?"

"Yes."

"Then sign your name there."

He took up the pen and signed his name to the document.

The chief then said to him:

"You have made it possible for us to catch the murderer of John Hemerich. We have proof enough now to convict him, as we have traced the dirk knife to him by means of the ivory handle which had been repaired."

"Is he the man who is in prison now?" Louis asked.

"Yes. He is known as Burglar Anson."

"Well, you know where to find him when you want him," remarked Louis.

"Yes. He'll be brought down here next week under suspended sentence, to be indicted and tried for the murder. The reward, if he is convicted, will be divided between you and Detective Beck, who followed up the clew given by you, and fastened it upon Anson. Just keep all this to yourself till you are called on in court to tell what you know."

Louis opened his eyes wide.

"Will I have to go into court?" he asked.

"Of course. You'll have to get up on the witness stand and tell all about how, when and where you found those things."

"Well, I didn't know I'd have to do that," he said. "I never was in a court in my life."

"Well, don't let that worry you. In this case the court is your friend. The judge and everybody but the lawyer who defends the murderer, will be on your side. All you need do is to tell the plain truth just as you have told it to me. The lawyer on the other side will ask you many questions in order to get you tangled up and make you contradict yourself. Look out for that and stick to the truth under all circumstances."

"That's what I always try to do," said Louis.

"I believe you."

Louis rejoined Tom after nearly an hour's talk with the chief, and together they returned to their room.

The next day they went about their business again, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

One day they were going along West street, and had picked up but half a load for their push-cart, when Tom called Louis' attention to a lot of pig-iron that was being taken out of the hold of a vessel.

"Well, what of it?" Louis asked.

"It is for sale if not already sold," said Tom.

"How do you know?"

"It is ballast. They have got a cargo, so they are taking out the ballast and it's always for sale."

"What can we give for it?"

"Ten dollars a ton."

"Well, I'll see if I can buy it," and Louis went up to where the men were at work and asked:

"Where is the skipper?"

"That's me," said a rough-looking man. "What do you want?"

"I want to buy this iron here," replied Louis.

The skipper looked him over for a moment or two, and then asked:

"What will you pay for it?"

"Ten dollars a ton."

"You can have it at that. How much can you pay for?"

"We can pay for all we buy," was the reply.

"How much can you buy?"

"All you have, I guess."

"Well, I have fifteen tons."

"I am sorry you haven't thirty," said Louis. "Here's a deposit of ten dollars. I'll bring you \$140 inside of an hour."

"That's business," said the skipper, taking the money, and going on board he gave him a receipt for it on a bill for the total amount.

Louis hastened to the bank and drew out the amount needed, and returned and paid for the whole lot.

"Now how shall we move it?" Louis asked of Tom.

"Don't bother with it. We can sell it where it lies."

"Where?"

"Oh, at a dozen places. Any big dealer will buy it and haul it with his own teams."

"Well, let's attend to that at once and get it off our hands," and they proceeded at once to see the dealers to whom they had often sold iron.

In an hour's time they had sold the lot at a profit of four dollars a ton where it lay, making sixty dollars by the trade.

"Do those skippers sell ballast that way often?" Louis asked.

"Yes, whenever they have any to sell."

"Why don't they sell it to those who give the most for it?"

"Oh, there is something crooked about it. They ain't the owners. They knock down the ballast somehow, I guess. There is lots of money in buying ballast," and Tom winked at Louis as he made the remark.

Louis laughed, shook his head, and said:

"I see that it takes one a long time to learn this business."

"Yes; you can find new wrinkles on it every day in the year for forty years."

Louis wondered if it were true, and went on with the cart.

During the afternoon they succeeded in getting a load of odds and ends, and were on their way down to one of their customers, when a grocer's boy, a fat youth of some twenty years of age, came dashing along with a grocer's wagon.

The fore wheel of the wagon struck the right wheel of the cart. The latter, having a heavy load of iron, was not to be easily knocked aside, and the result was quite disastrous to the wagon—the axle breaking at the hub.

Down went the wagon, and the grocer's boy rolled out headforemost. The horse stopped as if glad of the chance.

Springing to his feet, he pitched into Tom, who was nearest to him, giving him a hard blow with his fist, demanding at the same time to know what he meant.

"That's what I mean," returned Tom, giving him another in return.

"You do, eh?" and the fat boy went for Tom like a terrier.

It would have gone hard with Tom had he been alone. The grocer's boy was too heavy for him. But Louis sailed in to his assist-



ance, and in less than two minutes the fat boy was yelling lustily for the police.

The police came, and all three were arrested and taken to the station-house, where they were locked up.

That was a poser for Louis.

He was dressed in his working clothes, and was regarded as one of the tough characters that usually made up the list of junk gatherers.

He sat down and cried as if his heart would break, for it was the first time in his life that he was ever locked up.

"I did nothing but what the judge himself would have done," he said to himself as he sat in his cell in the dark.

The next day they were all three arraigned before the judge by the arresting officer, who made the charge of fighting in the street against him.

"What have you to say—you?" and the judge looked at Louis as he asked the question.

"Only this, judge," Louis replied. "I did just what you would have done had you been in my place. This boy came dashing along with his horse and wagon and ran against our push cart, which was loaded with scrap iron. The collision knocked his wheel off and let him down. He sprang up and began beating my partner here, and I pitched in, too. That's how it was. I don't think it was wrong."

"Nor will I if your story proves to be true," said the judge. "But I must hear the other side. What have you to say?" and he turned to the grocer's boy for his version of the trouble.

He tried to throw the blame on Tom and Louis, but a few questions by the judge convinced him that he alone was to blame.

"You are fined ten dollars," said the judge. "The other two are discharged."

The grocer had to pay the fine to get his boy out, and was too mad to be amiable about either. He was on hand to see what the result would be.

"I'll get hunk with you boys for breaking my wagon," he hissed to Tom and Louis, as they passed out of the court-room.

"If the judge says we are not to blame why do you want to get hunk with us?" Louis asked, stopping and looking the grocer in the face.

"G'wan now," growled the grocer.

"G'wan yourself," said Louis.

"You're too fresh," said Tom. "Go and pay your cub's fine."

They managed to get their cart again, and went about their business as if nothing had happened to them.

But Louis was in a gloomy mood all day. He could not get over the fact that he had been arrested and locked up in a cell all night. The disgrace of the thing seemed to hurt him more than the fact itself.

"Oh, that ain't nothing," said Tom, laughing. "The judge said as how we were not to blame."

But people can say that we were arrested and locked up, and won't say that we were discharged by the judge."

"Well, what if they do?"

"It's a thing I would give all I ever expect to make not to have occurred," said Louis.

"Bah! people don't bother themselves about other people's business that way."

"But our names will be in all the papers to-morrow."

"Yes, as discharged—not guilty."

Tom was very practical.

He was not possessed of the sensitive pride that filled the soul of the Southern boy, for he had received many hard knocks in his struggles in the great city.

A few days later they met the fat boy again in his wagon, and heard him sing out derisively:

"Junk. Junk! Old junk!"

"That ain't your tune," said Tom good-naturedly. "Sing out 'Grease, grease, soap grease.'"

"I don't deal in soap grease," said the dull-witted boy.

"Why, you're nothing but a tub of soap fat," said Tom, and Louis laughed at him.

Then the fat boy got mad.

"If I ever catch yer alone I'll knock all the grease out'n yer."

"You mean you'll rub all yer nasty grease all over me," said Tom. "I'll make my will when I go home to-night, for such a dose would make me drop dead."

The fat boy drove away, for he saw that Tom's tongue was too

sharp for him, and that to attack him as he did before would be to bring a worse punishment on himself.

Several weeks passed, and Tom and Louis worked on in their way, making good profits one week and very poor ones another. But they had no reason to complain of the business, save the hard work they had to do.

One day a particularly hard-looking case offered to sell them some lead pipe at a ridiculously low price.

Tom had told Louis that it was unlawful to buy such metal unless it was in a damaged condition or satisfactory proof of honest purpose produced. Louis was suspicious from the first, because the fellow seemed to have been hunting for them to sell the stuff.

"How much of it have you?" he asked of the fellow.

"About sixty pounds."

"Bring it to us," said Louis, in an off hand manner, that indicated a purpose to buy it.

The fellow went away, and Tom said to Louis:

"Look out. It's dangerous."

"I am not going to buy it," said Louis. "I'm going to tell that cop about it," and he went over to a corner where a policeman was lazily swinging his club, and told him all about it.

"Let him come to you with it, and I'll pull him in," said the officer, who was quite anxious to do a little business.

They waited for nearly a half hour for the fellow ere he appeared.

He came at last, and laid the piping on the cart and demanded his pay.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE TRAP AND WHO WAS CAUGHT.

As soon as the man laid the lead pipe on the cart Louis signaled to the policeman. The villain saw the signal, and, looking around, saw the officer coming toward him.

"I'll fix you for this!" he hissed, and sprang away like a deer.

The officer was fleet-footed and ran like a racer.

Yet the thief would have made his escape had not another officer on the block below headed him off. He was caught and marched to the station-house, the coil of lead pipe being carried along as a witness against him.

In the cell he told the officer that the pipe had been given to him on condition that he sell it to the two junk-boys and keep out of the way. He gave the name of Widmer as the man who gave it to him.

Widmer was a grocer on the corner of a certain street and Ninth avenue. He denied the story, and declared that the man was a thief.

Louis was seen by the police, and said that a grocer somewhere up that way had made threats against him and Tom.

"Come and see if Widmer is the man," said the officer.

Louis went with him and found that he was the very man.

"So you are trying to get hunk with me, are you?" Louis asked.

"You g'wan out o' here now!" said the grocer. "I don't know anything about this thing."

The officer saw that he was nervous and uneasy, and was quite satisfied in his own mind that the grocer had been trying to put up a job on the boys.

He told Louis to go on about his work, and he'd report to the chief.

The chief found certain marks on the lead pipe by means of which he traced it up to the dealer who sold it.

The result was it was proved that the pipe had been sold to Widmer several days before. A detective went to the grocer and told him what had been ascertained about the lead. He almost fainted, for he knew where he had placed himself.

Louis made charges against him and he was arrested. He gave bail and declared that he was innocent.

The man in the cell was sent to the House of Detention in default of the sum of \$1,000 bail.

Widmer was dumfounded at the shape affairs had taken. He was in a bad fix, and his only hope of escape was in getting Louis to let up, or getting him out of the way.

A man came to Louis one day and made a proposition to settle the case.

"I am no lawyer," Louis replied. "I can't settle a thing of that kind. He would have broke us up and sent us to jail if he could. I don't see why he should not go where he tried to send us."

"But he has a family and——"



"But his family has something to live on while he is taking a vacation up the river," said Louis. "See the lawyers. I won't have anything to do with it."

They made several attempts to buy him off, but without avail.

The grocer finally had to put up bail for the witness in the House of Detention through a friend, and the thief was let out. He immediately disappeared and his bail was forfeited, a loss of \$1,000 to the grocer. But it saved him. In the absence of the witness bailed out, the jury could not convict.

But the case had cost the grocer dearly. He had enough, and did not want any more of that kind of revenge.

The trial of Anson for the murder of John Hemerich came on, and Louis and Tom were summoned as witnesses as to the finding of the clew that led to fastening the crime upon him.

They stopped work, and stayed around the court-room waiting to be called for several days.

At last Louis was called to the stand and made to tell his story. It was highly sensational, and carried consternation into the ranks of the defense.

He was cross-examined by defendant's counsel in a very severe manner, assuming an air that was calculated to overawe an ordinary youth.

But Louis was cool and self-possessed all the way through, much to the disgust of the lawyer for the defense.

"Who told you what to say in your testimony?" the lawyer asked.

"The chief of police," he replied.

"Ah! I thought you had been coached! And what did he tell you to say?"

"He told me to tell the whole truth and nothing else," was the reply, "and I have done so in spite of all you could do to prevent me."

The judge, jury and spectators laughed at the lawyer, who saw that he had made a bad break.

The result of the trial was the conviction of the criminal, who was, the next week, sentenced to be hanged.

Then it was that Louis' name was in all the papers as the boy who had found the clew to the mystery, and whose demeanor on the witness stand made such a good impression.

Madame Dupre was dumfounded when she learned that she had sold two fine diamonds and a gold watch as old iron.

She could not forgive herself for the cruel trick fate had played her, and wept over her ill-fortune like one who had lost one near and dear to her.

She went to Madame Espann, who had told her how generous and just Louis Beauvais had been to her, and asked if she thought he would do so by her.

"Why, he must get hundreds of dollars for what he has done," she said. "Surely he ought to divide it with me. He would not have found them if I had not sold him the old iron."

"Nor would you have sold it to him but for me," said Madame Espann, in her voluble French.

"Yes, that's so, *mon ami*. He should divide with us."

It was two weeks after the sentence of the criminal when Louis received a note from the chief of police to call at his office.

Louis went there and found Detective Beck there.

"I have sent for you," said the chief, "to divide up the reward that was offered by the family of John Hemerich for the arrest and conviction of the murderer. I have decided that \$3,000 to the finder of the clew, and \$2,000 to the man who worked it through, would be about right. Now what have you to say?"

"I am willing to leave that with you, chief," said Beck.

"So am I," put in Louis.

"Then you two shake hands over it and I'll give you the money."

Louis and the detective shook hands, and the chief wrote out receipts for them to sign, also two checks for them.

They signed the receipts and got the checks, after which they parted and went their ways.

Louis deposited the check to the credit of Beauvais & Berrien, and then went and told Tom all about it.

"Now we'll rent a store and yard, and set up for ourselves in the old iron business," said Tom.

"Yes, and have two wagons and horses to start with," put in Louis, "and we don't want to lose any time about it, either."

They spent the entire day looking for a suitable place without finding one.

But they found one the next day and secured it by paying three month's rent in advance. That done they proceeded to buy two wagons and two good horses.

Then Tom took one wagon and they hired another man to run the other one. Louis was to remain at the shop and manage the business.

But they were not well started when Madame Dupre, who had been hunting a whole week for them, dropped in on them.

"Oh, I have found you at last!" she cried in French, running up to Louis and grasping his hand. "I have been looking everywhere for monsieur."

"Will madame take a seat?" he asked, showing her a stool. "We have no chairs in the shop."

She sat down on the stool, and looking up at Louis, said:

"Monsieur, you have made a fortune off of that old iron I sold you. I am sure you will not refuse me a share of it. You would not have been so fortunate had I not sold you the iron."

"Did I not pay all you asked for the iron?" he asked.

"No, you would not pay me my price for it. I had to take your price and it was low enough."

"But it was the market price for the iron," he said.

"Yes, but monsieur has made thousands off of it."

"But you have nothing to do with my business, madame. You are not a partner in the shop."

She was not to be shaken off that way. She claimed that she had a right to expect a little share in the results of the finding of the articles in the old stove.

Louis knew that she had no legal claim, and was so incensed at her impudence in making the claim, that he made up his mind not to give her a penny.

But she would not go until she was satisfied she would get nothing, and then she left breathing threats of vengeance against him.

"She's gone," said Louis.

"What in thunder did she want?" Tom asked. He could not understand a word of French.

"Why, she wants us to divide with her."

"Divide what?"

"That reward."

"Oh! Bless her gall!"

Louis laughed.

But he feared she would give them some trouble.

That evening he went to see Madame Espann and gave her \$100 "for good luck," as he told her.

She again hugged and kissed him in the exuberance of her joy.

He then told her of the visit Madame Dupre had paid him, and how she had threatened dire vengeance against him and Tom.

"I know you are my friend, madame," he said, "and I come to you to ask that you will find out what she is going to do that I may be able to be on my guard."

"Ah, monsieur! What would I not do to serve you! She is the angry, imprudent woman."

"Yes. She was afraid you would get the money instead of her. But I knew to whom I owe my good fortune, and so I came to you. I am madame's friend for life."

"I am monsieur's friend forever!" exclaimed the voluble French-woman grasping his hand again.

"I am happy when I hear madame say that," said he, and then he came away, fully satisfied that Madame Espann would let him know if Madame Dupre contemplated any mischief toward himself.

In a little while they got business well started in their new place, and stock began to accumulate in the shop and the yard. It kept on growing till at last they had to stop buying, and spend some time selling.

By good luck they sold the greater part of the old stock, and when winter passed and summer came again they had the yard full old iron and metals of every description.

They would have been in legal tcils a dozen times had not Louis made it a rule to buy nothing in violation of law. He was satisfied that several attempts were made to get him into trouble. Thieves would steal lead and copper, and try to sell to them, but they refused in every instance.

One day Madame Espann came to Louis and said:

"Madame Dupre has been trying to have your shop burned down."

"Are you sure?"



"Yes. I am sure, though she has told me nothing."

"Then how do you know?"

"I have it from a source I cannot tell you of. Watch."

Louis told Tom what she had said, and they made up their minds to take turns at watching in the shop during the warm summer nights.

They had not been on the watch more than a week when they discovered a man throwing kerosene oil all over one side of the shop one night. They drew revolvers and arrested him.

He was a Frenchman, who proved to be an intimate friend of Madame Dupre, and who was in her debt. They tried to get a confession out of him in the station house, but he would not.

But he was sent up for a term of years, and that gave the madame such a fright that she never again attempted to get any revenge out of the two young fellows.

One afternoon Captain Post came into the shop.

"Hello, captain!" cried Louis, running forward and grasping his hand. "I am glad to see you!"

"Well, my lad, I am glad to see you, too," said the captain of the Southern Star, shaking his hand heartily. "I thought I would come up and see how you were getting along. I saw in the papers that you had made a lucky hit, and got a big reward for finding a clew to the Hemerich murder."

"Yes, sir, so I did. But I was making a good living even before that. That enabled us to set up in business for ourselves, and that's just how you found us now."

"Well, you are the luckiest boy I ever saw in all my life, Louis," said the captain.

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Louis, laughing. "I have had to do some mighty hard work since I came to New York."

"Of course you have; but good luck has attended you all along—that joke on Chiardi for instance."

"Yes. But if I had not run so hard and risked my life in the leap I made, I would have been left, and the joke would have been on me."

"Very truly, and had you not been born lucky you would have been left. I tell you, my lad, you are the luckiest one I know of, and I have met with a great many people in my time. So you are doing well at this business, are you?"

"Yes, sir, so much so that I want you to take \$100 home to my aunt who gave me a home when I had none. Here is her address. I wish you would take the trouble to go and see her, and tell her how you have seen me. If she wants to come to New York and live with me she can do so."

He gave the captain the money and his aunt's address, and the captain promised to do as he wished.

"When you come back again, captain," said Louis, "I'll have a little surprise for you."

"All right," said the captain. "I am willing to be surprised," and he left the shop, well pleased at the success of the poor boy whom he had befriended on board his steamer.

The summer passed and the captain failed to pay his promised visit to Louis. One evening Louis went down to see what had become of him.

He had been ill in New Orleans.

Louis was pained to hear it.

"I promised him a surprise when I saw him again, and here it is—a gold watch and chain with his name engraved on it. Give it to him with my best wishes for his recovery."

The purser took the gift and remarked:

"I know nothing that would give him so much pleasure, Louis."

"I never knew a man for whom I have more respect and love," returned Louis. "He was kind to me when I needed friends, and I'll never forget him."

It was a month later when he saw the captain. He was looking thin and pale. But he was the same generous, kind-hearted man as when Louis first met him.

Louis tried to make him leave the steamer and spend a month with him, but the old captain wouldn't listen to it. He was wedded to his ship.

## CHAPTER IX.

### CONCLUSION.

ANOTHER year passed and the house of Beauvais & Berrien prospered. It had now four wagons, four horses and three men employed besides

the two partners, and a good paying business was being conducted on a safe basis. Tom still superintended the wagon business, buying everywhere he could find anything in the line. Louis remained at the shop, as the one best calculated to run the business as it ought to be run.

He had run the business in such a way that they had a good standing in the line. They never made a promise they did not keep, nor did they ever fail to pay a bill when it was due. By that means they worked up a good business that continued to grow in volume as they grew in years.

One day Mr. Penard, the New Orleans merchant, called in, accompanied by Captain Post.

Their meeting was cordial.

"Ah! how glad I am to see you, sir," said Louis.

"No more than I am to see you, my dear Louis," returned the merchant, shaking his hand heartily. "Our mutual friend, the captain here, has kept me posted as to your success in New York."

"But even the captain never knew to what extent you were my benefactor," said Louis. "I never told him nor any one else anything about it. That five dollar gold piece you gave me on board the steamer was my nest egg. It bought the first cart load of scrap iron I ever owned, and my partner, who had been in such business before, furnished the brains. But for that generous gift I would never have gone into this business."

"Ah! Then I have done some good in this world," said Penard, laughing.

"Indeed you have, for I have kept it going. I have staked two others with it, and I call it the 'Penard Fund,' adding a five to it myself."

Mr. Penard laughed long and heartily over the report made by Louis, in which he was joined by the captain.

"Well, you two are nice boys to start a fund like that and leave me out," said the captain.

"Oh, you can come in if you'll let me put the money up for you," said Louis. "There's room in New York for a fund of thousands."

"I'll put up my own money," said the captain. "There it is. Refuse it if you dare."

He threw down a five-dollar gold piece on Louis' desk.

"All right. I can't afford to quarrel with one who can order me to be cast into the sea when I go South on his ship some day," and Louis took up the coin and placed it in his desk.

Then he took them to a hotel and had a dinner with them as his guests.

"Do you recollect Mrs. Somers and her daughter, Louis?" the captain asked.

"Yes, sir. How is she?"

"She is still in poor health. She is going South again on my next trip. She wrote to me from Boston to reserve her old state-room for her. She asked after you going and coming last fall and spring, and seemed to be very much gratified to hear that you were doing well."

"I am glad you told me that, captain," said Louis, "for as she is a rich lady I did not believe that she would ever give me a second thought. I shall be on hand when the steamer sails to see her off."

"Do so. I think she would be very glad to see you."

They went to a theater that evening, still as guests of the young iron merchant, and parted only at a very late hour.

Two weeks later, Louis dressed himself in his best suit and went down to the pier to see the Southern Star off. He had previously sent a huge basket of flowers for Mrs. Somers and her daughter.

The mother and daughter were eagerly waiting to see him, and when he appeared, dressed like a young man of wealth and fashion, neither knew him.

"Shall I introduce myself?" he asked of Mrs. Somers, taking off his hat, and bowing before her.

"Why, Louis! Is it you?" she cried. "I would never have known you! How you have grown?"

The daughter, now quite a young lady, came shyly forward and gave him her hand.

She had grown very beautiful, and she thought him such a manly-looking young fellow.

"Oh, I am ever so much obliged to you for those beautiful flowers," said the daughter. "I have thought of you hundreds of times, and wondered if I should ever see you again."



"Yes," said her mother, "she often spoke to me about you and made me ask the captain one day if he had ever seen you again. You may be sure I was glad to hear that you were doing well in New York. Will you ever go South again?"

"Yes, ma'am. I have an aunt and cousins living in New Orleans whom I love very dearly. I shall go down and see them next year."

"If you ever go to Boston go and see my husband. If I am not there he will be glad to see you. If I am at home you will receive a welcome that will make you feel at home, too."

"Thanks. I shall go to Boston some day just to see the city, as I have heard a great deal about it."

The notice for all those not going South to go ashore was sounded, and Louis took leave of the two ladies and left the steamer.

He remained on the pier, however, and waved adieux to them as long as he could see them.

Then he went back to his hotel, put on his business suit and returned to the shop.

The long winter passed, and spring came again. It found them still attending to business and the business still increasing in volume.

On the day in the middle of June, when he expected the New Orleans steamer to arrive Louis was down at the pier awaiting for it.

"Oh, mother, there he is!" he heard a girlish voice cry, and looking up at the many bright faces of the passengers on the steamer's deck, he beheld Georgie Somers waving her hand and smiling at him.

Off went his hat, and he waved it over his head, to which the mother responded with a bow and a smile.

He was the first one to greet them.

"Ah! You have improved in health. I can see that in your face," said he, as he shook Mrs. Somers' hand.

"Yes, my health is very good, indeed. The southern winters agree with me."

"And with me, too," said her daughter. "Just see what a big girl I am."

Louis looked at her in rapt admiration. She was indeed growing more beautiful every day.

"Yes, it agrees with you as with the queenly magnolia," he said.

"Oh, what a compliment!" the impulsive girl cried.

Louis blushed.

He did not mean to let his thoughts find expression as they did. But he was brave and sensible. Said he:

"I did not mean it as a compliment, but as a simple truth. I bid you both welcome to New York. Will you stop over, or go on to Boston at once?"

"Oh, we must take the first train home," said Mrs. Somers.

"Then I have a carriage ready here to take you to the Grand Central Depot."

"How kind of you!"

He saw them off on the train.

The last word Georgie said to him was:

"Come and see us."

"I will," he said, pressing her hand.

Of course he would.

He dreamed of her that night and many nights after, and by and by he began to have a great curiosity to see what kind of a city Boston was.

One day he said to Tom that he believed he would run over to Boston for a day or two.

"For what?" Tom asked.

"Baked beans," was the reply.

"All right, go ahead. I can run the business if you can stand the beans."

They laughed, shook hands, and that night Tom saw him take a sleeper for Boston.

He arrived in Boston in time for breakfast, and at the proper hour called at the residence of Mrs. Somers.

They received him cordially, particularly Georgie. She was not at all like the typical Boston girl.

He spent the greater part of the day with the mother and daughter, and then, when the father came home, he was more than pleased with him.

He left at midnight to return to New York, with hearty invitations to come again.

He also came away with permission to correspond with Georgie.

After that he wrote her two letters a week, and she as many to him.

There could be but one result with two such people. They both fell deeply in love with each other, and at the end of another two years, Louis, now a young man old enough to vote, and almost a rich merchant, went to Boston and married her.

They went South with her mother to spend the winter, and it was then that Louis had a chance to see and thank Agent Chiardi for the practical joke he had played on him.

"I forgive you," he said to the joker, "and now return to you the price of that passage. It was the best joke ever played on me. I hope you may yet live to play it on others in the same way. I went to New York, got rich, and am now as happy as a bird in the spring."

[THE END.]

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